SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION
BULLETIN

VOL. 2 **JUNE, 1935** NO. 2

YOUNG ARTISTS' NUMBER

HELEN PHILLIPS *and head cut direct, limestone.* —*Peter Stackpole.*

We Expect

By FREDERICK OLMSTED

For the last year I have been enjoying myself in a profitable way at the school by painting on the walls and modeling from beautiful poses. I cannot say exactly why I have chosen the mediums of sculpture and fresco. Perhaps a trip to Mexico, or the bigness of the cities and country call for them, but more strongly they have an appeal in themselves. A feeling of what some of the old stone workers and muralists have done forces its way through to modern times.

Studying these mediums in school is all very well, but I have begun to examine my chances with them in the world outside. I should like to make a living and, what is more important, have a functioning place in society. What is the student's usual procedure? The average is a ten-dollar studio in the Montgomery Block, small scale wood carving, and easel pictures, all for exhibitions. Like some other young artists, I am not interested in gallery shows. Nobody buys pictures, and people in general don't care and don't understand. To the lineman on the telegraph pole the artist is still either a maker of magazine covers or a nut. I do not want to be a nut.

I have found many walls that should be decorated with work significant of the time,

Hebe painting fresco—by UNA MCCANN.

plenty of buildings for all kinds of sculpture, and little hope of supplying these needs in any appreciable quantity or decent manner. There is a slip-up somewhere.

The symphony orchestra is a strong institution by public demand and support. It is backed by a wide, popular knowledge of music—there are dozens of pianos for every good work of art. The symphonic form in itself is big and collective, a culmination and centering point of musical interest.

The form of art we need is big and collective. There must be a spreading of the knowledge of sculpture and fresco. The best work as we know it is not mystic and esoteric like the Carnegie show. The Coit Tower, though no Sistine Chapel, is a start. It is collective, and it attracts the public. But in default of any social millennium providing steady, constructive work at ordinary wages, and this is all the younger sculptors and painters want, we must originate and force through this larger form ourselves. Reform is an internal movement, and can come only from the artists.

Victor Arnautoff's fresco at the Presidio Chapel is nearing completion. It is conceded to be a fine piece of work.

Diego Rivera once said that "The Military" and Engineers were his most ardent appreciators. We trust that similar appreciation comes to Arnautoff.

Life With Art

By ZENA KAVIN

Upon leaving school, where he has been accustomed to facing simple problems and situations, logical within its limited, artificial sphere, the student finds himself in a new world. Only the remotest of relationships exists between the protective atmosphere of the school-world, with its leisurely pace, its simple pattern of set problems and scheduled working hours, and the furiously active world outside, where not one moment resembles the one just past—where men are raising great buildings, encompassing this world with steamships, railways, flying machines, making tremendous intellectual strides but clinging tenaciously to old hatreds, prejudices, superstitions—where the air is thick with theories and panaceas, one's head spins from looking.

Yet man considers it necessary to believe that beneath this chaos there is an order and a truth, if he can but make or find them. The artist, in his nature a being who must resolve things to lawful order, becomes aware of the necessity for determining the reasons for the extraordinary events about him, or, at least, of finding the logical connections between them.

There must be a better solution than burying one's self in a world of fancy: preferring reconstructions of dream-patterns to constructive re-creation from the material about us. Certainly it is more simple to retain the school-pattern—safe from or unaware of actualities, occupied with charming theories: why put one's nose outside, where it will be assailed by draughts, odors, disturbing variations in temperature? It might even be punched, or take cold.

Poor nose! It had better be thrust into the business about it: poked into books, newspapers, journals, investigating theories and institutions, maintaining a curious and skeptical attitude toward events present and past, as well as those to come.

Poor creative spirit! Coddled and pampered, filled with theories and crammed with opinions, afflicted with timidity—it suffers from overeating and lack of exercise. Spoon-fed all these years, undisciplined, the plunge into the melée will not be an easy one.

The artist must translate from the unordered material to his ordered medium. By research and observation, by subjecting himself and his environment to continual rigorous scrutiny, he will extract the values most essential to him. To seek those truths, to decide upon the relationships between events,

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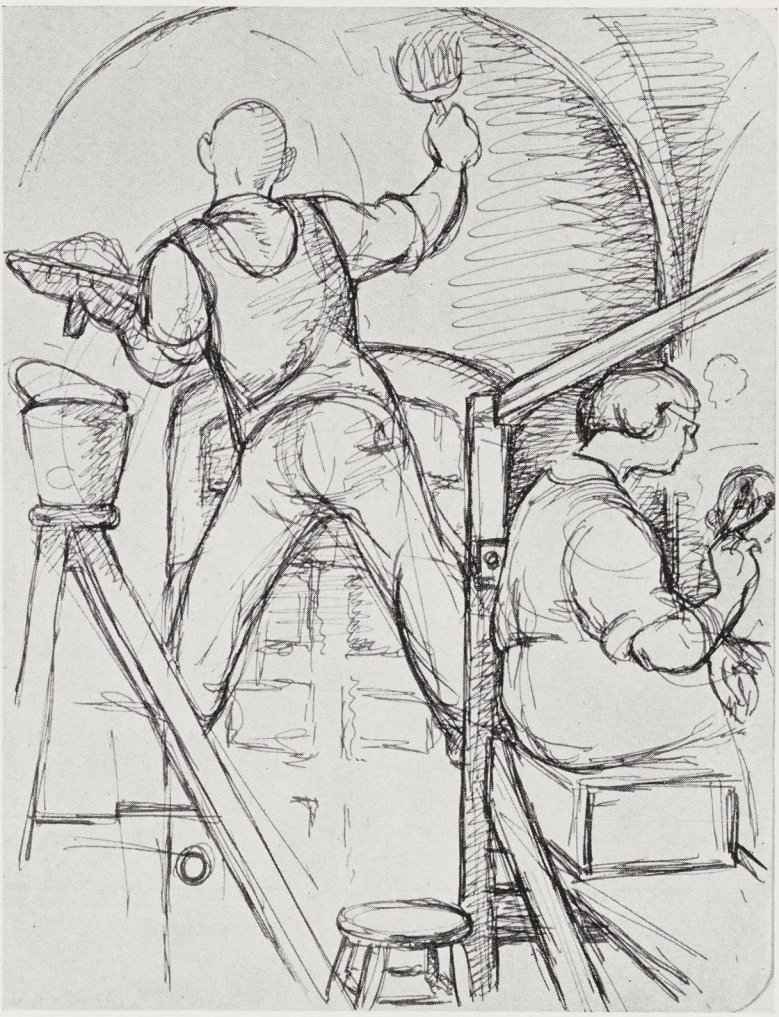

Preparing the wall—by UNA MCCANN.

A Model Meditates

Written by a model for the Life Classes, California School of Fine Arts

Seven minutes left. I would like to leap and scream, but here I stand on one slumbering foot with a far away look in my eyes.

The boy in the corner reminds me of a Sigma Chi who always came late to Econ class. What would the dear "sisters" think if they could see me now? Puritanical Patricia would probably want to lift my pin.

Mrs. Nice told Mrs. Glutz that the portrait Mrs. G. is doing looks "just like the model." It looks much more like Mrs. G.

Foot—if you could only snore and let the people know how soundly you sleep.

The sculptor liked my dance and wants to do the final pose. It's fun to model when I feel I'm being a help. Some day, though, I'll be teaching dancing.

Met a model yesterday who's studying to be an M. D. Also met one who is looking for someone to keep her. She'd found a man who would pay the rent, but she'd have to keep on modeling, and I guess she's tired after seven years. It's different with the M. D. She knows she won't always be a model. A waitress has more chances for advancement. She can get to be a head waitress. The only head model I ever heard of worked for a portrait.

Weary—witty—! ! ! ! ! the watch has stopped! No—the second hand still creeps around in circles.

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San Francisco Art Association Bulletin

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Send material for Bulletin to San Francisco Art Association, Chestnut and Jones, by 20th of each month

The Bulletin staff takes pleasure in presenting this issue, which features articles and illustrations by honor students of the California School of Fine Arts.

EDITORIAL

The career of an artist in the competitive world is generally this: He starts full of life and ambition, sees all the bunk that surrounds the profession, sees all the weaknesses of the older or brother artists, and then the main idea is to knock 'em out one by one and get to the top and fame and glory.

To do this, so many things are required apart from talent. There must be novelty or newness in one's message, power to shock or surprise, and a personality to attract, and—of great importance—conditions of mystery or poverty, or something for the handle of publicity to catch onto.

When these varying currents have played their parts, the product is usually blanched and weakened, and careers are ended, much as the career of an average man. Old age, rheumatism, unappreciated and unappreciating, fame shallow, exploiters unreliable, then oblivion. Perhaps one little link to the chain of beauty has been added, perhaps not.

The young artists today are beginning to think of another frame for their work. They want this frame to be more secure. They know they can be useful. They think sometimes of working in a mass and all doing good work, without depending on the element of shock or novelty. They do not want to be capitalized for queerness or advertised for poverty. They wish, as far as we can learn, to go to work every morning and every working day. They are confident they can translate some of the beauty of the visible world into the language of art that we all can read and enjoy. —R. S.

There will be no July Bulletin. The next issue will be published August 1st.

Olmsted modeling—by MIRIELLE PIAZZONNI.

Art Association members who wish notice of their exhibitions in The Bulletin will please send announcements direct to Art Association Bulletin, Chestnut and Jones streets.

The following letter, which is typical of a few recently received, speaks for itself. The Editor wishes to explain that The Bulletin must necessarily be compiled in advance and articles published in the same month in which they are received are usually subject to editing.

May 10, 1935.

DEAR EDITOR:

Sorry you have to succumb to influences so that my article could not appear as a whole brick. A half brick, like a half brick, may travel farthest, but whether it can hit a cat on a fence is an even bet.

Sorry.

Sincerely,
DOUGLAS TILDEN.

After Art School, What?

By Hebe Daum

One is told—just keep on working, you know pencils and paper are cheap. With much hand-shaking and farewells the door closes behind you and you are out.

The average student leaving art school leaves with a great deal of confidence and much hope for a chance to show his ability. He has so far been sheltered in a small world of those interested in and all striving for the same objective. Instructors have been constantly there to help and advise him. Now he turns home to select a corner of his room in which he places his tools and faithfully sets to work. Later these finished pieces of work he turns over to galleries and comes down to view them among other works. Just what do these exhibitions mean? What happens after the exhibition. Well, the paintings are returned and stacked against the wall —all bearing little tags with daring prices. One out of the hundreds wins an award and exhibitions continue.

The young ex-student now begins to realize that he longs to travel and study under different artists in different parts of the country. Instead he is forced to earn a living, which he finds quite impossible with his knowledge and trade. He finds himself a misfit. Curious people come to see his exhibitions. He is considered a strange individual.

It would be a happier situation if artists were considered sane, common people by the ordinary layman. But aside from them even the architect has little or no interest in the artists' work, partly due to the artists' lack of knowledge. What do we know beyond our stones and paints after we leave art school? How well do we understand architecture? Where do we get opportunities for such training? And again, how much does the architect actually know about painting and stone cutting? Here are two who should have a real understanding with a high barrier to separate them. Students should be compelled to study architecture along with their painting and sculpture. It would establish a firmer foundation and more freedom in the end.

There is no chance for apprenticeship under master artists on some large project at present. Also one cannot foretell the economic changes that may come about. However, it is safe to say that if architects and artists were trained in the same schools and some fine, big projects should come along, better work would be executed through their cooperation. This would be an opening for students to apprentice themselves. Cooperation among artists and architects has proven in the past to bring out the best work.

The change from the personal type of oil painting and sculpture to the impersonal wall decorations and architectural sculpture is slowly coming about. Hence we should be prepared for this new movement and know enough to stand on our own legs.

Students' Exhibition

The Art School presented its usual picture of festival when it welcomed the relatives and friends of the students to the annual summer reception and tea in honor of the opening of the Students' Exhibition.

The soft reds and golds of the canopy overhead, through which the sunlight filtered, transformed the patio into a setting typical of early California. A huge bowl of blue and purple iris decorated the long table, from which tea was served to about 1500 guests.

The exhibition this year includes work from two new departments—the ceramic department, established about a year ago, and the new department of lithography. The high standard set by those exhibiting is a credit to the California School of Fine Arts.

The following awards were made at the close of the Semester:

Award of Honor: Fred Olmsted.

Anne Bremer Scholarships: Una McCann, Royden Martin.

Angus Gordon Boggs Scholarship: William Campbell.

Virgil Williams Scholarship: Helen Phillips.

Junior League Scholarship: Robert Clos.

James D. Phelan Scholarships: Helen Rognas, Charles Dornbach, Dora Arnold, James Hastings, Harold Warren, Lloyd Wolf, Marjorie Eakin, Helen Dunham, Valentine Shuster.

I. N. Walter Sculpture Prize: Carl George.

Awards From the Anne Bremer Memorial Fund: Pauline Zoloth, Ardath Coldwell, Edwin Cadogan, William Childers.

The exhibition will remain open to the public from 9 to 5 daily (except Sundays) until June 15th.

Life With Art

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people, forms, theories, to work with both eyes, both ears, the head, the heart, all ten fingers, to pursue, through the deepest and widest experience of which he is capable, the meaning and significance in life—it is in this coordination of the life about him with his life and art that the artist finds the highest expression of his energies.

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Dr. Morley Attends Conference

Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, curator of our museum, left on May 21st to attend the Museum Conference in Washington, D. C., and to schedule exhibitions for the winter months and the spring of 1936.

She is planning to select important contemporary material for several shows, both foreign and American. In New York at the time of writing, she is enthusiastic about African negro sculpture, now showing at the Museum of Modern Art. This unique collection is scheduled for opening in the San Francisco Museum of Art on July 28. Dr. Morley writes that "the African sculpture is curious and fascinating material."

Dr. Morley has visited museums, galleries and dealers in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. She plans to include Chicago, Columbus and Cincinnati on her return trip. Traveling by air, she is expected to return by June 20.

A Model Meditates

(Continued from page 3)

Green for my new dance costume? Something like the color of the bay on a foggy day?——

It's a wonder to me how both feet look the same on the outside and feel so differently on the inside.

Three minutes left . . . "Mary had a little lamb, its fleece" . . . two and a half minutes . . . "Got the St. Louie blues, just as" . . . two minutes . . . think hard about something, anything—one-two-three . . . four-five-six . . . seven . . . one minute and ¾ . . . maybe I'll put a white collar on the green dress with white cuffs and a wide belt. I could wear white shoes and a white hat, but there should be a touch of something else—wonder what colors he would like with green. He's so good-looking and so much fun. I can see him standing there with the moonlight sparkling in his blond hair, saying, "My——"

"Isn't it time for a rest?"

My gosh, four and a half minutes overtime!